

(yes, well, I have to warn you again, some gentle sex involved)

The Maid was awake early and looked around. She slowly got up and pussyfooted across the square, trying not to stumble over sleeping women. One of the eurosapphists saw her and waved. The Maid waited until the other woman had joined her and together they walked to the beach. They sat down in silence and watched the sun rise above the trees of the forest. Suddenly the Maid began to speak. She talked about her loneliness in the river, her craving for love and how desperate she had felt. She was ashamed of herself, of how she had behaved. The other dyke assured her that she was not to blame. She was a victim herself, as much as her own victims had been. It was a virus that had made her behave in that way. Not she herself. `Strange,' the Maid said, `and I never felt for women in that way before.' She shook her head pensively. `And then, all of a sudden, I found myself here, with a fishtail and all those beautiful women around me. I wanted them, oh how I wanted them. But I didn't know what I wanted from them, let alone how I wanted them. That is why I abducted those two women. I needed to know just how to go about getting what I wanted. But I did not find out, it was impossible with that fishtail. Oh, it was a bad experience.' She stared at the river and shivered. `But the chief was nice,' she continued, `she is a Wise Woman, you know, and helped me.'

The other dyke looked at her, a little glint in her eye. `How did she help you?' she asked offhandedly.

`Hmm,' the Maid sighed and with a dreamy look on her face she continued. `She was *oh* so gentle. She made me lie down on her bed and relax. That was very difficult to do, right after that weird experience in the river, so she helped me relax. She took some ointments and combined them to a lovely smelling mixture. I had to lie on my belly and she started massaging me gently with the ointment. First my shoulders, until she found they were relaxed enough. Then she went down with her hands to my lower spine and buttocks and rubbed in the ointments with gentle hands. Hmm, that really was lovely. Ah, and then she started on my legs, one leg at a time with both hands, she kneaded my thighs ever so softly.' She giggled. `Funny, occasionally she tickled me - by accident of course - *between* my legs.' She giggled again, sweeping her long black hair from her shoulders with a firm movement of her hand. She sighed and stared ahead with eyes that saw nothing.

`And...?' her companion asked with a hoarse voice.

`And, hmm, oh yes, she continued with my legs, ending up with my feet. Goddess, I've never known that feet are so sensitive. She took my toes one by one and kneaded them until I couldn't stand it anymore.' She looked at her toes and wriggled them in the sand. With a smile on her face she continued. `Then she told me to turn over...' The Maid looked at the eurosapphic dyke at her side and smiled again. `Ah, that was really lovely. She dropped little drops of the ointment on my chest, my belly, my legs and arms. With slow movements of her hands... Her hands were really soft you know, not calloused at all... With slow movements of her hands and fingers she spread the fluid over my skin. She started with my belly. She had to sit uncomfortably herself to do that. You know, with one leg on each side of me, she is an amazingly strong woman.' The other dyke swallowed and coughed, she seemed to have trouble with her breathing.

`With her fingers she spread the ointment from my navel to my sides, so softly, it really tickled. Her hands were so warm, it was very nice. Ah, then she moved to my legs and rubbed in the fluid with long soft strokes of her hands, right from my hips down to my knees on the outside of my thighs and than up again on the inside. It was difficult for her not to tickle me again... *there*.' The Maid giggled. `She even spilled some ointment in my hair, my pubic hair. Then she moved upwards again, stroking my belly and sides with both hands, strong but soft hands and strong but sweet strokes. There must have been something in the ointment too, because as she went along my skin became more sensitive to her touch all the time. And a very pleasant sensitivity, it was. Oh, and then she touched my breasts and very gently she spread the fluid over them, kneading them so carefully. My nipples reacted at once and there was this strange sensation... As if there was some electric connection from my nipples straight to my... my vagina. It was wonderful. I wanted her to go on with that, you know, but she moved to my arms and massaged them very firmly. That was nice too, but I wanted her to go on with my breasts. She only smiled when I told her that and continued. She was still sitting straddled over me, mind you, a very awkward position. So I took her by the hips to support her. She sat down on me and I could feel that she was very wet indeed. That excited me, to my surprise, and I felt how wet I was becoming myself. She noticed my surprise and smiled, returning her attention to my breasts. I felt her move on top of me, almost imperceptably. Her hands were no longer rubbing in the ointment, but stroking me, caressing me infinitely more gentle than before. My skin felt so sensitive by now that even the tickle of a soft breeze could have excited me. Then a strange thing happened. She moved downwards again, not only with her hands, but she kneeled between my legs, my legs that had been tied together for so long by this demeaning fishtail, she spread them for me and kneeled in between. This was a most satisfying feeling. Hmm, she touched my pubic hair and rubbed the spilled ointment into my skin, softly. Occasionally her fingers slipped down and would touch my clitoris, but only occasionally and also very soft. I wonder what was in that ointment... She examined me very closely to see if there were any remaining distortions from the fishtail. She examined me with her fingers, feeling and gently probing until she was satisfied that everything was as it should be. Goddess, I was so excited by then, as I have never been. How I wanted her to go inside me. The strangest feeling that was. But she didn't. Not just then. Oh, I have never known that the soft, warm, wet touch of a tongue could set of so many different sensations, all at once. It was as if I melted into her, as if she melted into me. The movements of her tongue seemed to reduce me into the tiny spot those sensations were radiating from. At the exact moment that I was no more than that little sensitive place she entered me and I exploded into a creature existing only of lust, wanting more, ever more. I wanted to suck her into me, never to release her again. As she moved inside me flashes of river memories nearly drove me crazy. All this terrible yearning was now to be fulfilled, by her. I couldn't keep still, trying to drive her faster, harder, deeper into me. And she obeyed. But her tongue lived a life all of its own, I could not control it. While I was struggling to reach the long awaited climax she tried to prolong my agony. It wasn't until I finally cried out in despair, begging for mercy, she helped me out of my misery. This blissful misery. Oh, and I felt the earth move, the walls of the cabin seemed to creak and shudder, my shouts disappearing without being heard. Later on I realised that all this must have been caused by the wizzard's brainstorm. However, this was the most satisfying experience of my life until now.'

In the silence that followed, a loud sigh could be heard, maybe it was more of a moan. The Maid looked up. To her surprise she found herself surrounded by the complete or nearly complete eurosapphic tribe. Listening to her with staring eyes, nearly pulling the words out of her mouth. The collective sigh seemed to brake the spell they all were under. They laughed sheepishly at one another and shuffled their feet in the sand were they sat.

The Maid did not seem to be bothered by her audience at all. `Well,' she said, `I am going for a swim. Anyone here wants to join me?' With these words she dived into the water, her supple brown body disappearing into the stream. Surfacing, she met ricki and her dolphin and they played together for a while.

